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TO EVERY MAN A PENNY.

A SERMON

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SEP. 23RD, 1883.

"These last have wrought but one hour, and thou hast made them equal unto us, which have borne the burden and heat of the day."—Matt., xx., 12.

This is the language of Envy; the hiss of the accursed snake that ropes itself around the fretful heart, to blast the fair fruit of the tree of life, and re-enact the woe it wrought in Eden.

Jealousies, suspicions, emulations, strifes, and all the bad brood of human perversities adopt the snarling, sneering accent of our text as their mother tongue.

Black-visaged Envy, scowling hate—*invidia*, its hell-born parent—looks with evil eye upon another's good, and depreciates all it stands not of itself possessed. Here, also, is it seen in the high look of the proud Pharisee, disdainful of the poor publican, yet envious that he should go down to his house justified rather than the other, who made long prayers, and did not intend that God should forget it; who did lots of things, but always kept a debtor and creditor account with the Almighty, as, to wit, so much rendered, and so much looked for in return; so many hours in the vineyard at such and such a price, and then, with evil eye and proud heart, making odious comparisons between himself and others, dissatisfied with his wages; forgetful that eternal life, even as the life that now is of a few fugitive mortal years, is all of grace and not of debt.

But, thus and thus, Envy, with jaundiced eye, distorts the fair proportion of God's mercy, cankers the heart, frets the spirit, and, gnawing at the soul, soon saps the very life of those who cherish it, and makes them such mean-spirited wretches, that Satan's own self—impersonal evil personified—is ashamed of them.

What real cause is there for envy on the part of any one? The Almighty has given faculties and powers to each; and, in the right exercise of these powers, the possessor may stand supreme without a rival, and need never vex himself with envy. Within his proper province no one can intrude to his discomfort, disadvantage or dismay. For the divine economy is to use special instruments for special ends; and the divine economy again being to obtain a particular result from the appli-

cation of specific means, it follows that there must be "diversities of operations" subject to the same controlling spirit, with "differences of administration but the same Lord"; who, as the divine overseer over all things, and great master of the vineyard, chooses from the world's market-place just those instruments required for a given work at a given time in a given place.

This is manifest. No one would venture to affirm that one man is as good as another all round for every work; or that any single being had such a well-balanced mind as to be equally supreme in all things, or have a general aptitude for every special use. St. Paul says, "To one is given the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge—having gifts differing according to the grace given us." This, therefore, admitted, it is again clear that these faculties, gifts, and endowments—vouchsafed us in measure as need shall require—are subject to such development as occasion for their activity and time for their right exercise shall shew.

The oak must live three centuries through to see perfection crown its majestic growth, with finished grace and wedded strength with beauty. Not so the lilies of the valley, or the queenly rose, the small plant and the tender herb:—"In the morning it groweth up, but in the evening it is cut down, dried up and withered." There is slow development and lasting strength. There is quick growth and rapid decay. Yet both are ordained for their use by the Divine Husbandman. Does envy of the oak's majestic strength live in the blue eyes of the violet, or breathe in the perfume of the rose? Or does envy consume the monarch of the woodlands, or the sturdy oak covet the painted loveliness and sweet fragrance of the flowers that bloom in beauty at its gnarled and moss-grown roots? The same showers and sunshine, morning mist and evening dew, have been their portion; the same light and shade. Yet their offices have been diverse, their service differing as their nature, form and grace. Springing from the same earth to the same stars, how different their altitude! Breathing the same atmosphere, fed with the same juices, throbbing with the same life, how disproportionate the time of their existence! Yet does the antiquity of the one envy the passing glory of the other? Or, contrariwise, does envy, like a worm in the bud, canker the life of these summer beauties with vain regret for their fast-fleeting loveliness and early death?

All things live their appointed time. All things do

their appointed work. All things have their appointed due. There is, therefore, no cause for envy. Our appointed time, whether it be in the first, third, sixth, ninth, or eleventh hour, is God's time. Our appointed work, whether it be to bear the heat and burden of the day, or otherwise, is God's work. So, our appointed due is ever the penny a-day: for, as St. Paul says, unto every man is given a measure of grace to profit withal: hence no man ever yet was left without his one talent; and that one talent held in trust for God and the neighbour, even though held in ignorance, if with sincerity, may do more good than the five or ten talents of the clever villain who abuses them to Satan's service.

Where then is the cause for envy? The Psalmist says, "I was envious at the foolish when I saw the prosperity of the wicked: They are not in trouble as other men, neither are they plagued like other men: and when I thought to know this it was too hard for me until I went into the sanctuary of God, then understood I their end." The word of wisdom therefore is, "Envy not thou the oppressor, and choose none of his ways." The penny a-day is to all, how unjust soever it seem, when yet 'tis most equitable and righteous; and, with this, it is not for us to envy our neighbour's prosperity, or have an evil eye because God is good—"good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works"; for "he maketh the sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and unjust."

A penny a-day! But a penny will go further with some than a pound will go with others; and while to some it may be a savour of life unto life, to others it may be a savour of death unto death. To some indeed a sudden accession to fortune may be a great misfortune. Haste to get rich tempts to a breach of the last commandment, which says, "Thou shalt not covet," and ends by breaking all, even to the first, ascending in the scale of daring sin, from the tenth through the other nine, until the only God recognised is Mammon:—

"Then Mammon leads her wretched votaries forth,
Prepared to fight for trifles little worth;
While truths on which eternal life depend,
Claim not, or hardly claim, a single friend."

For a sudden acquisition of wealth is apt to unmoor the soul from the safe anchorage of that "little with contentment which is great gain," and let loose the passions of the heart, to beat in fury on poor weak human nature, and waste our lives. "How hardly shall a rich man enter into the Kingdom of God."

Special temptations come with wealth, unto which those in humble life are not so subject. The penny a-day, therefore, though but little, is enough for our own small need; and wise are we if we can say, "I am a wealthy man; and not indeed from the multitude of my possessions, but from the fewness of my wants:" then shall we apprehend why we are to pray only for our daily bread, for to-day's supply, not for to-morrow's; for we are to gather manna only as need requires. If, contrary to the divine command gather we more, 'twill corrupt. Our gold and silver will be cankered from lack of use. The penny a-day is enough for present wants. For, if faithful, our bread shall be given us, and our water shall be sure.

So, gathering God's good gifts with a thankful heart, we shall find, as the Israelites found, that "he that gathered much had nothing over; while he that gathered little had no lack."

Therefore let not the rich man glory in his riches, for they take to themselves wings and fly away: and let not the poor man envy great possessions, for not all the wealth of King Solomon could stay his hand from writing, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Again, therefore, boast not; envy not; judge not. Judge not that ye be not judged. Yet here, regarding this gospel, we are particularly tempted to judge. For looking at the matter casually there might seem just cause for much discontent, seeing that

those who in the vineyard had wrought but one hour, should have as much as they who had laboured twelve hours. Indeed we naturally think we might overlook, and even justify and excuse, the envy of those who had borne the burden and heat of the day towards others who had entered into the enjoyment of rest at the day's close, reaping the reward of others' labours, the work being completed almost before they lent a hand to its accomplishment. This apparent injustice, however, rightly meditated, teaches us a lesson of the deepest import.

It is said that those whom the Gods love die young. They live not to bear the toil of life. The growing belief is that in a previous state of existence, either in this or some other earth in God's universe, ages ago they did nearly all the work required of them, and now have re-visited material things on planet earth simply to take up some forgotten thread required to complete the lesson of sublunary existence, and weave the last golden filament of childhood's innocence in the perfect pattern of their henceforth spiritual and celestial being in the "Grand Man" of the heavens—Nirvana—Abraham's bosom, or the bosom of God the Infinite. Hence, their experiences goldenly finished, their incarnations ended, their mortal years terminal, their duties lived, their work long ago accomplished, children once again, they tarry not to know the bitterness repeated that waits upon maturer years. They are called to labour now but one hour, and know not the burden and heat of the day, but from the bustle of busy life are snatched away. Sent into the vineyard of existence to wear the raiment of the flesh as strangers and pilgrims for one brief hour, they are straightway transplanted to the vineyard above for an eternal perfection. They were incipient angels here, and they are gone into the realm unseen, where angel-hood develops to eternity. For eternal life is theirs; and who shall envy them the penny a-day that franks them to immortality, when the Master Husbandman says: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Yea, for "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

What says Envy to that? What says the self-righteous Pharisee to that! who has been severely good, perchance, and made religion a toil, an irksome duty, smileless, austere, precise; content to put conscience at the market price of a penny a-day, but never remembering our Lord's words: "Ye must be born again—marvel not that I say unto you ye must be born again"; and never dreaming of humility, to be "converted and become as a little child."

Alas! alas! though many are called yet few are chosen, when religion, pure and undefiled, is so misapprehended. For God's chosen ones are they who are empty of self and filled with heaven; whose life is set to the sweet key of peace; who flee strife and rude insistence; who study to be quiet, patient, childlike and retiring; who seek not their own, much less envy others' theirs; who bear the whips and scorns of time with placid mien, and stoical endurance, and Christian fortitude; who say, with St. Paul, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content"; who, with their little, have broad smiles, and cheerfulness in difficulty; who mask the sadness that is theirs with light-some look and manner, and give God thanks for all. These are God's chosen ones. These know not what envy is. The serpent, roped round the tree of their life, does not dart glances of hate from their eyes: they have tamed the accursed reptile, and have yoked their thoughts and affections to the harmless nature of the dove. But look at one who has not done this—life's great work! He is a prey unto himself. He is his own greatest enemy, he is envious of others' good, though he care not to adopt it. He is jealous of another's influence though he cannot use it. He is spiteful, and mean, and slanderous, and treacherous, and abusive, and curish, and rootedly bad and ill-con-

ditioned. For envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, rankle in his heart. The pride of life—the frets of vanity—the dark surmise—the inuendo—the sneer—the suggestion of evil—the utter unbelief in aught but self, and vile determination to watch for the main chance, regardless of a brother's good and the public weal, master the better powers of his nature, angel-lapped, but now fiend-possessed and hell-thralled; whose unthankful, discontented, grasping, usurious, selfish, covetous, miserly, envious, mean and wretched soul—impotent of a single noble aspiration—querulously whines at the thought of another's good, saying, "These last have wrought but one hour, and thou hast made them equal to us!"

From such like envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness—good Lord deliver us.

NOTE.

Associated with the subject of the foregoing discourse is a painful incident reported in the "Natal Witness," of the death of Lieut. Col. Montgomery from the bite of a puff-adder, when on duty on the Zulu frontier. The duties being light, he was beguiling the time with "shooting," the "sport" being "enjoyable," when he was struck by the venomous reptile, and died of the effects on the following morning. The newspaper article thus continues:—

Reference was made to the event in several of the City churches yesterday. The Ven. Archdeacon Colley, at St. Peter's Cathedral, in the evening, in the ordinary course of his sermon on Matt., xx., 12, briefly referred to the sad news of Col. Montgomery's death, and said:—"I cannot address myself to the consideration of the reptile spirit that breathes in the words of our text, and poisons the thoughts of those who fall into the condemnation of approving the utterance of such language dictated of defective principle—snake-bitten morally, and poisoned in heart and mind—without adverting to the sad news of the death of Colonel Montgomery from snake-bite.

"Snakes inspire most men with an instinctive horror. For the serpent tribe are naturally seen to be the representative of the 'old Serpent the Devil,' or impersonal evil personified in our sinful being. Hence it is absurd to suppose the Creator pronounced the judgment 'very good' on such venomous creatures as infest the bush and multiply in the jungle, and creep through the long grass, to glide with graceful, deadly motion, and dart like lightning to strike their fatal fangs on the unwary, and curdle and posset and infect the blood with death, and inoculate the bursting veins with the virus of the reptile 'cursed above all cattle.'

"The ferocious, vile, and abominable, owe not their hideous existence to God, the All-Wise and Beneficent. The bad passions of the evil heart of man (by the law of correspondences) call into hateful structural being all the embodied curses and plagues nature goes crippled of, and is so terribly afflicted with. Hence snakes will abound, and ferocious creatures will rage and multiply, until the snake element in our moral nature is lamed, and its crooked, crafty serpent wisdom is yoked to the harmlessness of the dove, and the high attributes of a St. Patrick give us the power to free our land of the reptilia that defile it, 'for the trail of the serpent is seen over all.'

"Fatalities, therefore, such as we lament to-day, are the sad result of secondary causes, whose first cause lies hidden in the recesses of our corrupt hearts. Hence, while lamenting the sad event that has thrown such a gloom over City and Camp, let us at the same time, when we physically put into practice Virgil's command—

'Cape saxa manu, cape robora pastor,
Tollentemque minas et sibila colla tumentem
Deice'—

to take up stones and cudgels against the reptile morally also bruise the serpent's head; for he continually,

doth bruise the heel of poor, weak, human nature, making us under the mysterious, fascinating, serpent power of sin—the craft of the "old serpent"—ungenerous and mean-spirited, and prone to say of those preferred in any way before us, 'These last have wrought but one hour, and thou hast made them equal unto us which have borne the burden and heat of the day.' For this is the language of envy: the hiss of the accursed snake that ropes itself around the fretful heart to blast the fair fruit of the tree of life, and re-enact the woe it wrought in Eden."

[We further "improve the occasion," by observing that there is a vast amount of the snake element in the military policy of this most Christian Britain, particularly as relates to the hapless Zulus. And so there is in the matter of "sport." The slaughter-loving Christian, when he goes valiantly forth on his blood-thirsty enjoyments, does not seek to exterminate the pests of creation. The nobler "cattle" are more particularly his victims, the reprisal being taken by those that repay the wages of "accursedness," as in the present instance. Thus the divine use of snakes, in so far as they are the defenders of the innocent and helpless. In this country the predatory beasts such as foxes, hares and rabbits are "protected" in order that they may be sportively butchered; and instead of ridding the country of vermin, beautiful and innocent birds are winged, lamed, and killed; the deer being of quadrupeds a conspicuous victim. Now, instead of wasting to misery and death the lives of the people, in the shape of rents for rookeries, and expending the proceeds in such "sport," if the noble ones who thus indulge would set to and exterminate the countless millions of "Norfolk-Howards" that feast on emaciated mankind in the slums of London and other cities;—aye, and in the hovels of the agricultural labourer,—they would find "sport" in abundance, and which ought to be far more "enjoyable" to a creature priding itself in being human. As to the origin and use of reptiles, see OAHSPK.]

THE SPIRIT-MESSENGER.

GOD, PRAYER, AND THE ORDER OF NATURE.

A CONTROL BY "TIBERIUS CLAUDIUS HERODES."

Recorded by A. T. T. P., August 1, 1883.

[This Seance was held a few days before starting for America, to which the Control referred in his opening address.]

[The Medium, who in trance dictates these communications is an uneducated working man.]

The Sensitive, when he came, brought me a picture by a new spirit artist, "Reni Guido," or rather, "Guido Reni." It has the name of "Herodes, husband of Annia Regilla," at the foot. When he went under control he spoke as follows:—

You will soon be in a world filled with clever thinkers; in a new world in comparison to this; a world of strange changes from old established modes of thought. A world in which there is a multiplicity of Deists, unyielding believers in the One Supreme, yet to them Unknown God. A world of advanced sciences, where keen criticism is to be expected on every volunteered opinion. But you need not fear them; you, too, belong to Deism, but of a purer design than that which they call their own. For their theological belief, their consideration, their supreme thought, is of their own insignificance; taking to themselves that verse which runs as follows: "When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers; the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained. What is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the Son of man that Thou visitest him." Such a religious belief forms no standard of hope. The conception of the work of the Almighty is to minister to the needs of man, and not to impress man with his own insignificance. Such is not pure Deism: the soul, which can claim the position of a Deist, must first acknowledge God, and also acknowledge the works of His hand. This they do, but their will leads them to a fatal conclusion, the degradation of humanity; the insignificance of Self-hood; whereas he that

would be pure in acknowledging his God, raises Self-hood, as the centre of God's created work. For man all things have existed in the past; all things are sustained in the present for him, and all things in the future are for him. This is the calmness of Self-hood, installed in its proper position, and be that for an instant allows his Will to dwell on the insignificance of Self-hood, shall be made answerable in eternity for the loss of time.

These thinkers of the new world, amongst whom you will soon be journeying, have brought about religious anarchy; a God without spirit; a Ruler without individual characteristics. Displace Self-hood, and man is no longer the central figure in God's creative work. With such thinkers humanity is not only corrupt but inferior to that which they conceive to be grander work from God's hands, and man so insignificant, that he cannot hold, or dwell in intercourse with God, the common Father. I said religious anarchy, because such Deism is a separation between man and his Creator. They do not deny His existence; they do not deny the possibility of a future; they do not deny anything, but they maintain this, that comparing man with the mightier efforts of the Supreme Creator is presumptuous. To suppose that any knowledge of spiritual existence can be gained from a belief, that man through this comparison and in accordance with reason is removed from the possibility of this spiritual knowledge, is futile; thus they destroy communication between the heavens and the earth; they have severed the possibility of connection; yes, they have even destroyed humanity's greatest resource, the efficacy of solemn prayer. They call this in the new world Deism. It is worse than Pantheism. It is accepting a God, and yet not acknowledging Him. It is realizing a future, yet owning it to no man. Man, according to them, stands alone. Between him and the source of his being, namely, his Creator, there is stretched a yawning chasm of unbelief, and prayer is abandoned as a dream and a delusion; for why should the creature be presumptuous, and expect the interest of a Supreme Father, for what is the earth on which they dwell? A mere grain of sand on an endless sea-shore. What is Humanity? but a breath, a vapour, hurrying through the sea of life to be engulfed in an unknown and an unexplored future.

I do not wonder that there are men in this school of thought. They are more numerous than you realize; men who live persistently in the present, and that which is beyond earth life is beyond the range of their thought. Science, modern science, they claim has aided them. I say, this is not so. Science has proved that this earth was not the centre of created worlds; but science has found out nothing through psychological research respecting man. Science has found out men's physical formation, but its knowledge, even of this, is purely elementary. Science aimed a blow at individualism, when it gave to the world its theory of cause and effect; but in doing this it helped, on the other hand, to raise up unity, and its claims on the opinions of thinking men. Science has found out the vastness of the physical universe. It has made men to consider the heavens, the sun, the moon, the stars, and then bade him to dwell on the poorness of Self-hood, or that the God of millions of worlds should still be mindful of him. But it has also proved that one work of creation depended on another, or, to use the scientific term, it proved the principle of solidarity; that there is not a collective number of worlds with collective systems, but one great system bound into indissoluble unity, by one inevitable chain, the whole of the revolving worlds. The lowest to the highest forms are members of the same wise economy, influenced and governed by the same law; the greatest orbs in the firmament of the heavens alike subject to the same governing power as the over-ripe apple that falls from the branch. That there is only one empire of created form and but one Emperor, and that Emperor the Supreme God.

Then if science has given to men the sting of sorrow, it has withdrawn that sting in proving, that man, the moving spirit of this system, cannot be an insignificant being. One common force supports the whole in action. The principle of the correlation of forces, proves that the same law acts on the greatest and the minutest parts of being, and all that man can see of form of the works of God's hands, are not what we teach, all the worlds and the laws of God as man has discovered them, are formed and are but a cause proceeding from a cause. Physically, man cannot advance past secondary causes, and now we are the teachers of primal causes, and ours is the teaching of that life which is not the cause of a cause, like the life of man in the flesh; but we teach the primal cause of life as a first cause, for those that have passed through the grave have passed from that, which second causes teach, to enter into that world and into that life where primal causes rule supreme. If there has been any ambiguity in this, I will go over it again tersely.

What I mean is this: that all, that man can see of creation, are the effects of one common agency entering into new conditions; and therefore as the secondary causes of a primal power. The vast, the terrible, and the grand in creation has put on a physical garb: has grasped with friendship the hand of matter, and a primal power, which is God, as made manifest through flesh, which is power in all things. This union is to be found, for what ingenuity has ever created life?

Ingenuity has created form in its highest perfection; has rivalled nature in its handy-work; but the breath of life was beyond their skill. The delicately veined leaf, drawn and coloured by their skilled hand, was lifeless. In it there was no life, and this union was apparent from the highest to the lowest form, and that there is life in all things. Inert matter is a misnomer. The rocks grow, and the marble arches the union which is complete from the highest angel to the lowest form of matter. Take man. All the elements have built up his frame-work, and all their vastness, their grandeur is to be found in him. Distance and its vastness is annihilated by the power of thought.

You will find a religious consciousness prevailing in this new world. The every moment there of the many is rigidly determined. There you will find the most wild ignorance and the most daring presumption, side by side with intellectual courtesy and humility. I have spoken respecting their disbelief in the efficacy of prayer. They will put pertinent questions, and it is well to have an answer ready, should they ask you, "Whether you believe in the efficacy of prayer?" You will tell them: "Yes," and your reason is, that God being supreme is free, that being free He rules over all; that the laws of nature have no independent life outside His ruling, or no immutability except in respect to His Almighty Will. He who made can unmake or alter: they exist but as the expression of his Will, and if they ceased to exist, it would be but the expression of his Will. But who can say that the laws of nature are immutable? Those who argue thus have for the foundation of their argument only secondary causes. Present experience proves the experience of the past. Not that the laws of nature cannot change; but that they do not change; man's experience cannot tell what the Almighty intends to do; it can only reach to what they have done. Then they will tell you that the material world is bound by an iron chain, and that that chain is also beyond the temporal wants of man; that a petition or prayer is useless, and that that which can be trusted is a beneficent arrangement of nature, from whose verdict no man can appeal. They will, no doubt, be full of the disaster at Ischia, near Naples, and why God did not intervene to save five thousands of his creatures from an agonising and painful death; they will ask—"Where was God's tender mercy then, when, without one note of preparation, thousands were hurried to a painful journey in unknown regions." You shall answer them: "There remains another region, over which the soul may wander freely; worlds where those who ask shall receive, and those that seek for honour shall find it; that to reach this world, which is the region of prayer, those worlds—spiritual worlds—where human desires still exist, where humanity is busied with legitimate objects: where spiritual blessing is the soul's legitimate and unenvied goal, must be reached by prayer. That the laws of this spiritual world are as determined as nature's laws; in fact are nature's laws purified from its contact with matter; hence they are primal laws, and that you have been bidden to make known the sequence of events and causes, the better to reach that spiritual region, and that no human soul is subject to capricious movements, because the life of man is the very spirit of life, the very centre of life."

Prayer and its value is praying for a self-trustfulness; praying to be pure. The very fact of praying is half gaining the matter sought for. No prayer is efficacious respecting temporal matters, and is without temporal satisfaction, and even then it procures no good to the soul, unless it deepens that soul's trust in God. Who supposes that the prayer of the righteous man for rain in season of drought cannot be answered? Say to such believers that the prayer of the righteous man availeth him, and this prayer is not for temporal advantage; it springs from love of brotherhood. Who knows, and who can say, what is changeable in nature, and what is immutable? Appealing to the Will of God, Who wills not that a sparrow should fall heedlessly to the ground, is appealing to the highest law of nature. There is no presumptuous asking in this; nothing to be suspended. Time is not to be diverted, but even if it is, Who has found the central principle? Who has even found out the minute details of nature's laws? What modern scientists will stake his reputation that to-morrow shall be fine, or the contrary? Not one knows sufficient of nature's laws. They say such as this, that "The future is an unsealed book."

Now, tell them that the events of life can be and are being foretold, and not on supernatural ground, for that is no-man's land, but in the uniform sequence of nature. There are men who, by an intense perception of the laws of human thought, through painstaking industry and perseverance, can and do reveal to man on earth his future prospects in eternity. The truly conceived prayerful request is not man asking of God, but God revealing to man, what man ought to ask; instructing him in the eternal and immutable laws of nature, is where prayer is efficacious. It is where it is promoted by this divine spirit; by this obedient desire for revelation. It is asking God to teach us to pray. It is surrendering the will to that Will, which is omnipotent. Prayer is not a series of petitions, or rather it should not be. Prayer is obedience to God. God is known and revealed, through the order as existing in nature. These are the prayers that the spirit offers to the throne of

God. All other prayers, that are reiterated complaints against His governance, are the prayers of the heathen. Selfishness has no greater enemy than the order revealed throughout nature. Man is but a member of a vast and mighty commonwealth; and he that prays that his life may be led apart from the life of the whole, such an one's prayer will not be answered.

There is a want of something, not only in the old world, but in the new; the very essence of human need—that which shall be the primal gratification of human life. This something it is in your power to give to many during your visit. Speak out, and be not afraid; for those who love you will journey with you. It is not by any great depth of theological lore, that you will prevail. You know but very little of the old manuscripts, or of their separate and distinct value in respect to their great antiquity. You may not be versed in the Pashito, Syriac, or *vetus Italia*, or the curitenean Syriac, or the vulgate Gothic, or the Ethiopian manuscript. You know nothing, perhaps, of quotations from these; but you know more than, collectively, they can tell to man; namely, that immortality and conscious individuality hereafter is one of the stubborn facts of the nineteenth century. That these waves of spirit-force which are passing over the world, have made of ploughmen learned scholars and school-masters, and have made a water-side labourer perhaps one amongst the best lecturers of modern days. That it has made the dumb to speak and the blind to see. That the genuine and the spurious are side by side running a close race; and that God has left it to the will of man to discriminate and judge the one from the other. That our loved ones are back again waiting for welcome. Teachers are with us unapproachable in wisdom. That all are consummate in tenderness, awaiting to be welcomed, so that a circle may be made for them to come and stay and teach: not to form incentives to sin, but to show the road to pardon and mercy, to prove God's gift of immortality.

It is to be hoped that during your visit you may join hand in hand with these. You less than any man have a right to manipulate the truth. O God, bless the ministering ones. From my sphere comes a hearty and loving hope that your journey may be profitable to yourself, and to those whose welfare you seek in going.

I am one who, in a moment of jealous madness, committed a crime for which I have deeply sorrowed, but which is now expiated. My hasty hand slew my wife, Anna Regilia; a portrait of her will, in all probability, accompany one of myself. "Guido Reni" has promised it. My name on earth in time was Herodes.

I asked when he was in the body, and he answered:—

About the one hundred and fortieth year of your Christian era.—FINIS.

This a strange Control. I personally had never heard of such a person, but when I had recourse to the Biographical Dictionary, I found he was a wealthy and learned Athenian, born under the reign of Trajan, early in the second century, and at an advanced age, died in the reign of Aurelian. He married Annia Regilla, a Roman lady of high family, who died in childhood. He was suspected of her murder, tried, but acquitted.

But if man acquitted him, God did not, as will be seen in the Control, in which he admits he had suffered nigh sixteen hundred years of bitter expiation. He told me she had been permitted to forgive him, and that he had been permitted to come to the light. What must have been his sufferings during this time?

These Controls, if for no other purpose, are useful for this: that they unmistakably show that all foul deeds entail their suffering in eternity, and that, as was said by the spirit of another murderer, "Death was a mere bagatelle to what happened afterwards."

I may say, that on the next day I got the picture of "Annia Regilla," and a beautiful woman she must have been.

HALLOW EVE AND ITS SPIRITUAL CONNECTIONS.

It is worthy of notice that at this particular season we approach a most important festival of ancient times, which was held on November 1, or near that time. It was held by our ancestors with much rejoicing, and, we have reason to believe, with the aid of certain peculiar rites and ceremonies; but there is no ground in its ancient type for the present association of Hallow Eve with spirits and the intervention of the powers of the unseen world on that occasion; as in the ancient custom no extraordinary allusion was made to such things.

In the times of the Druids the year was divided into four

parts, and each quarter had its festival to celebrate some special event which the season indicated. Nature was their great instructor, and although there is the strongest evidence that they held communion with spirits, they were recommended even in their spiritual intercourse to study the operations of nature, and learn the great laws of their own life. These divisions of the year were about the first of February, the first of May, the first of August, and the first of November; and the ancient names of two of these festivals are still retained—Beltane and Lammas; but Candlemas, a more modern term is applied to February, and Hallow Eve are of ecclesiastical origin; still the times are identical with the Druids', and ante-dating Christianity in this country. It is significant, however, that the primitive notion of fire is still retained in all these special events, and this actually arose from our ancestors acknowledging in their worship the Sun as the visible symbol of Deity, and fire as the pattern of its constitution. It is from the Church of Rome that we learn how the great alliance has been made with spirits, and the popular mind is fed from this source with the power and prevailing idea that spiritual beings are intimately associated with the doings of the night of All-Hallow Eve.

In the Calendar of that Church there is at this time prayers offered in a special manner for all saints, and also for all souls in purgatory, and for nine days previous this pious duty is in operation. No doubt these efforts combined on a large scale will certainly affect the souls of those who are specially represented, and a corresponding activity will take place in the visitation of the departed to this scene of things. It is also worthy of notice that at the present time the event of Hallow Eve is more patronised than it used to be some years ago; whither this arises from Royalty in the retreat of her Highland home honouring it with festivities and yielding to tradition her homage, or rather giving vent to those impressions which the mind receives from the fascinating power of the old Druidic element which lingers still in the bosoms of the Highland people.

Throughout Scotland the eve is passed in strange fashion, and many pranks are adopted to evoke the powers of destiny and divulge the great secret of the future, especially regarding marriage. Those who are conversant with Burns, the Bard of Ayrshire, will know from his characteristic poem of "Hallow E'en" how it was held in rural districts one hundred years ago. Since then it has waned in its interest, but now with all the flood of light and knowledge we possess, it is most prevalent throughout Scotland; no doubt, one reason is the very fact of the knowledge the people possess.

Books are being read and circulated that have a more truthful ring than these orthodox publications which were fifty years ago always put into the hands of the people, and through the influence of these writings, we considered our ancestors naught but savages or pagans with nothing good about them, and from the cradle to the grave we selfishly understood that the Presbyterian Church of Scotland was the only representation of truth and wisdom; but these times are luckily passed, and a more unbiassed judgment possesses the minds of the people.

The chief attraction on the night of Hallow Eve is the kindling of a bonfire near to the dwelling, and all the parties dance round in wild glee, and in some instances, as the custom at Balmoral, burn an effigy of the ancient witch. But it is also the habit, as in North Wales and some parts of Perthshire, for each party present to throw a white stone into the fire, and in the morning faithfully search for the stone again; for if such is missing it is ominous of some calamity.

About the origin of this fire, we have some notes taken from the communications of a Druid, who used to visit our circle some years ago. November was the festival commemorating the finish of the harvest, and the truthful representation lives in the custom of farmers holding their harvest home. The inhabitants of the hamlet were all invited under one roof, but before leaving their homes all fires were extinguished, and also that one in the house in which the people were met. But here a fire was prepared, but not lighted until the arrival of the Druid or sacrificing priest, who brought with him a lighted torch from the holy fire of the Altar, which never went out; and after a night of rejoicing, the company separated each one to their own homes, carrying a lighted torch from the consecrated fire to kindle the fires afresh in their own dwellings. This ceremony was also performed at the February festival, but this was emblematic of the return of the sun again to warmth and strength in the heavens.

Until very recently these fires were universal throughout

Wales, and England, and Scotland, but were extinguished by church orders; also the habit of making soul cakes, or bread baked in honour or regard for the dead, and distributed about. These cakes still survive in Scotland, but are in fashion only at the commencement of the New Year. They are baked round with notched edges, to represent the disc of the sun, and in some cases triangular, still a favourite symbol of the luminary.

These customs are far more primitive than the Roman introduction of Christianity to this country, and have a birth in the ancestral love and habits of the natives of this land. We do not wonder at the revival of these customs, as their origin is derived from the everlasting facts of nature, and not days established on the fictitious lives of saints, or canonized by foreign ecclesiastics, but go beyond the date of the Church calendar or even the authentic history of the nation.

Within doors many curious rites take place on this night, as the burning of nuts to determine the happiness or misery of the affianced lives; the lifting of apples from a tub of water with the mouth, without the use of the hands; the placing of three dishes on the floor, one empty, one with foul, and the other with clean water. The party goes blindfolded and dips his or her hand into a dish, and such determines the destiny of the party as regards the matter of marriage. To the damsel, the empty dish represents no husband; the foul one, the marriage bed anticipated beforehand; and the dish with clean water, a bona fide union of hearts. All these ceremonies are supposed to be presided over by some spirit or invisible attendant. In rural districts a great deal takes place out of doors, as the pulling up from the garden ground the standing stalks of cabbages. This is done with eyes bandaged, and the straightness of the stalk determines the moral position of the party to whom they are affianced; and the amount of soil attached to the root, the quantity of "sillar" or the "tocher" that will come along with them. Another custom was the pulling out from the stack an ear of barley, and if unbroken the omen is good, but if the top is broken off, it predicates evil. In the towns in parts of Scotland the boys run about with horns filled with burning flax, and blow the smoke through the doors of the houses, but generally selecting some maiden lady who has missed the hymeneal altar.

All these things may be frivolous, and some would say superstitious, when mixed up with a spiritual agency; still they form links of the past, and all the schooling of the present generation has not robbed the young mind of the fascination of a night which yields a sort of fraternal intercourse with the spirits of the dead; and in older minds the memory lurks about these events with evident satisfaction and pleasure, and would willingly step again into the youthful frolic and fantastic orgies that are connected to a night with the spirits. So much for the Romish and English saints' day and Hallow Eve, consecrated as it really is to the existence of Druidism, and the prevalence of Sun-worship in our country in ancient times.

A. DUGUID.

13, Oswald's Wynd, Kirkealdy.

THE THEOLOGICAL CONFLICT.

To the Editor.—Sir,—May I request your readers to wait until the series of papers on "Egypt," &c., is completed, and then if correspondents—writing in their own names, and not nom-de plumes—are sufficiently interested to address enquiring thoughts, I will be happy to assist as far as I can. This is called forth by the letters of "Lily," who may be quite sure that such "important historical evidence" as the personality of Jesus Christ has not been overlooked by me. I have not the time just now to devote to controversial points, but simply say, there is abundance of evidence to show that the alleged testimonies of Josephus, Tacitus, Seneca, and many others which "Lily" might have named, are, in a true historical point of view, *absolutely worthless*. Just to show that I know what I am writing about, I challenge the world to produce a MS. of Josephus, containing the reference to Christ, of a date before the 10th century A.D. In MSS. prior to this date, the quoted sentence is *not found*. This *tenth century A.D.* is the very hot-bed from which the vast mass of "alleged" sacerdotal history emanates.

But, as I take it, "Lily" is a spiritual nom-de-plume, and although unknown (perhaps) personally to myself, yet will she allow me to speak a word with her on the *spiritual plane*—*not on the literal*. All names given from spiritual sources have a specific meaning and application; and in no way are they to be regarded as mere fancy, or pretty epithets. There

is design and purpose in every spiritual communication, and they who are wise will do well to understand; for when a spirit, or *the* spirit, speaks and moves, it is for a well-defined object, purposed by the higher Intelligences who are in the background, behind the thousand-and-one who actually communicate.

On this line of thought I would ask "Lily,"—Why is she so much concerned with the so-called historical *Jesus*? Her own life is not along the line of that descent. It is the Marys, Marias, Marthas, that weep and lament, as they may well do, because the "body of their Lord is taken away, and *they* know not where they (the removers) have laid him." And what is more, they never will know, simply because that "Body"—so dear and precious to their externalism—never had a physical existence. That "Body" was a spiritual verity, born of spirituo-intellectual parentage, which antedated its birth in Egypt ages before the Christian era.

If "Lily" must and will have a personality, *she* as "Lily" can only find it in the Osiris; for Osiris is "Lily's" God! Now for proof. The lily, as a flower, is the anglicised name of the beautiful and glorious *lotus*, which was purely Egyptian. (I tried to get one in Egypt, but found they are now only to be obtained a long way above the second cataract.) The *lotus*, as shewn from the very earliest times (I saw it on several tomb walls of the 4th dynasty), is the *love offering*; and wherever Osiris is seen, there is seen, invariably, the lotus-flower, offered by the worshipper: (thus it will be seen in the illustration of the Great Judgment Scene, which will follow in due course). The lotus is the symbol of maternity, or, the life-producing principle; for this remarkable product of the floral kingdom has the self-propagating, or germinating, power within itself; so that this *lotus* was the flower emblem of *Isis* the Divine Mother-God. The *rose* is associated with the Madonna—the Romanised Isis; but the lotus, or the lily, is pre-eminently the symbol of the Osiric Family. If it be possible for "Lily" to place herself in a passive condition (I think) this will be clearly shown to her. I hold that the true *Osiris*, the genuine *Christ*, and the veritable *Christna* are identical on the spiritual plane, and it is on this plane (or planet, if the word be preferred) that I have spoken the above.

I would just add that Mr. Burns, in his article on "The Theological Conflict," has clearly discerned and delineated the "spiritual verity," of which the above is merely an illustration.

W. OXLEY.

Manchester, Nov, 25th, 1883.

SPIRITUALISTIC SERVICES.

Dear Mr. Burns,—Mr. W. J. Colville, whose experience entitles him to a respectful hearing from Spiritualists in general, will, I hope, pardon me if I venture to express an opinion entirely opposed to his, as stated in a recent number of your Journal. Our friend objects very much to a chairman at a Sunday Service, and probably has his reason for doing so, but as "many men" have "many methods," both my convictions and experience lead me to the conclusion that not only should there be a chairman, but that the conduct of our services should be participated in by as many friends as possible. As one of those who have had the pleasure of listening to Mr. C.'s musical powers, as well as his teachings, I can quite believe that if all mediums were similarly endowed, chairmen would not be wanted, but, even then, from my standpoint, I should consider them, as I do now, an adjunct, which, if dispensed with, might produce wrong impressions in the public mind.

I cannot help thinking that Spiritualism must ultimately deal the death-blow at Priestcraft in any and every form, and while objecting to the orthodox religious systems, wherein one man does nearly everything, I equally object to the investiture of one man, or one medium, with the same power even in our Cause. "One-manism" has, I believe, been the curse of true religion in the past, and the backdoor through which has been admitted all the abuses prevalent in the Churches to-day. Once let the solitary individual bear the sole power in matters relating to the spiritual nature of man, and it seems to me that the inevitable result must be the growth of a feeling ending in gross superstition, and the abdication of personal rights.

Here in Plymouth frequently several of the brethren take part in the service. One announces the hymns and reads a lesson from the Bible, another reads "a lesson," (if the selection may be so termed), from one of the poets or from a work of interest, while a third, a medium, is controlled by his guides to deliver the invocation, this being followed by the lecture, say, through your humble servant, who also concludes the meeting. Thus scope is allowed for all, and while all is done "decently and in order," there is a recognition of the ability of each to minister in some way or other.

While on this subject, I hope, Sir, you will permit me to say a little more. If there is one thing more than another needed in

these days in "religious" meetings, it is good music. Without being invidious, I may say I have been not only at public services held in connection with Spiritualism, but also at seances, from which I have heartily wished myself away, for the singing has been of such an excruciating character as to produce, if not actual pain, at least discomfort. What can be worse than to hear, say, "Shall we gather at the river?" rendered as if the singers imagined that they were to be tied up in so many bundles like logs of wood, and pitched into the water on their arrival at the bank, or "Think of the home over there," sung as if it were a place considerably warmer than this, a kind of modified fire and brimstone hell, in fact. I could multiply instances, but as these will serve to "point the moral," I will refrain. The necessity of having bright cheerful music is now recognised by most of the sects, and if our services are to be well attended, we must not be behind the times. By all means, let us have the good and the beautiful wherever it may be found, and while doing nothing to "quench the spirit," let us endeavour to make our meetings so full of power and interest, that they may be veritable foretastes of the happiness of the ever blessed. Free from formalism, full of spirituality, they should reflect not only what we are, but what we hope to be, that the tongue of the scoffer may be stopped, the interest of the enquirer stimulated, the enthusiasm of the believer directed into the right channel, that indeed it may "be good" for us all "to be there."

Hoping no one will take my remarks other than in a fraternal spirit. I am heartily your fellow worker, R. S. CLARKE.
Plymouth, Nov. 16th.

THOMAS WALKER AND THE TORONTO INQUEST.

By the last San Francisco mail we have received a certified copy of the depositions and all papers connected with the above inquest, which prove the statements made by Mr. Walker to exculpate himself to be untrue. The testimony of all the witnesses clearly shows that Walker was imposing upon Saunders, and that the latter, whilst ignorant of the imposition, lost his life in endeavouring to succour Walker; therefore, the story about he and Saunders experimenting is a miserable subterfuge.

The following is a copy of the endorsement on the inquest papers:—

"1874. Inquest on the body of John Saunders, held 8th and 9th Oct. Signed—A. A. Riddell, Coroner, C.T.

"Filed, Oct., 1874. Signed—T. Fenton.

"Queen v. Walker—Murder. Prisoner absconded."

—The Harbinger of Light" (Melbourne), October 1st, 1883.

We reprint the above out of no spiteful feeling against Thomas Walker, but rather to show that in our past remarks upon his conduct, we have not breathed one word of bitterness or injustice towards him. His own confessions and these documents justify all. Our object in the past was not to defame him, but to maintain the truth in the face of his aspersions. It grieved us to observe good men being led into evil thoughts through his falsehoods. We knew of the Toronto affair from the time of its occurrence, and Mr. Peebles told us of the plight Walker was in, when he picked him up shortly after. But we hoped Walker had reformed, and so we gave him a hearty welcome to this country, and made honourable mention of his work in the MEDIUM, months after he was engaged around the provinces effecting our ruin. All this does not show spitefulness.

Now, we fear that in screening this man, and charitably giving him a chance of working further mischief, we committed a grave fault, for which we have been most rigorously punished. Several others we treated in a similarly lenient manner, and they all faithfully joined Walker in his attack upon us. It is really hard to know what is right in such matters. It seems cruel to expose the sins and faults of others; for no one is perfect; and the best of us would not like to be turned inside out. Again, it appears to be highly injudicious to promote the professional career, in Spiritualism, of bad people. Our twenty years' experience teaches us that such mediums go from bad to worse. Mr. Peebles picked up three gutter waifs and made Spiritualistic apostles of them; and the result has done more harm than all the good Mr. Peebles's spiritual work has accomplished. We have to some extent helped in this work, and with the very best of motives; but had we committed the crimes imputed to these persons, and stood the demands of the law in respect thereto, we could not have suffered more bitterly than we have done for long years; and it is not all over yet.

We write these things for the instruction of the Movement. It is better to have no mediums at all than to have bad ones. We must seek for influences, not phenomena. Let us desire that which is good and pure and true, and all other things needful will be added.

Beyond all things let us as a Movement discredit the trafficking in mediumship. The manifestation of the Spirit and its teachings are a work undertaken on behalf of the inner realm, and to that sphere alone should we look for sustenance. All the mediums, who have looked to worldly-wisdom to sustain them, have come to grief. Those spiritual workers, who have served the Spirit through thick and thin, have been sustained.

And finally: we desire to say that we sincerely forgive

Walker and his co-workers against us. Their position is worse than our own. We pity them. They have unfortunately become the instruments of a spiritual power: and as we must be forgiven for our short comings; and as we claim no merit for our better-class acts, being impelled to all that is good in our lives by a Power greater and better than our externally-conscious selves,—so we do not blame those who become the instruments of another grade of spirit operation, though it may be directed against our welfare.

At the same time, these facts of life around us should not be winked at. They are part of our lesson. To profit by them truly, is more difficult than to attach praise and blame, with less or more discrimination.

CURES THROUGH MEDICAL GALVANISM.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—I thank you much for the insertion of part of my circular in your issue of the 26th ult.

Allow me to make one correction. You ask your readers to send a stamped envelope for a copy of my circular. I shall be most happy to forward them POST FREE to any person desiring them.

I sent on an impression of my India Rubber Stamp to a friend. He was so pleased with it, that he has asked me to get him one done. I enclose the order and name.

Since sending my circular to print, a lady consulted me, suffering from Spinal Neuralgia and Bronchitis. She had to be assisted into and out of the tram cars. Through my successful treatment, in eight days she was able to go to any part of the town without the least assistance. The other day she went to her Medical Adviser, and he was astonished to see her so far recovered. The name and address can be furnished when necessary. I have also since had a case of Deafness, of three years standing. After three weeks of my treatment, the lady can hear perfectly well.

Again thanking you,—I am, yours truly, W. YATES.
Medical Galvanist, 39, Peachey Terrace, Mansfield Road, Nottingham, November 1, 1883.

Mr. Gillingham is continuing his articles on "The Lost Senses" in the "Chard News." The possession of psychological powers is chiefly attributed to Christians; but these abilities are much more frequent amongst those who have no relation to Christianity. Mr. Gillingham's warnings as to the abuse of these powers, and that they can be manipulated by evil influences is worthy of notice. Spontaneous spirit guidance is much more reliable than that which is induced to supply some self-requirement of our own. This is a matter that we have frequently urged upon Spiritualists. Mr. Gillingham has a fine development of the "double consciousness," and can write automatically. He is an inventor. He quotes the case of T. L. Harris, and the following:—"Cædmon died about 680. There are many theories of inspiration, and one instructs us that all great deeds, whether of mind or heart, head or hand, are the consequence of inspiration, and that this may be conveyed in many ways. The Saxon poet, Cædmon, it is said, received his inspiration in a dream. He was connected with the monks of Whitby, and probably took care of their cattle, but not having any musical gift, when the harp was passed round at the board where dependants and guests assembled, he always retired before his turn came. On one occasion he retired to his cattle shed, and lying down fell asleep; then he heard someone say, 'Cædmon, sing me something.' 'I cannot sing,' he replied. 'Yet,' said the voice, 'thou must sing to me.' 'I cannot sing,' he again replied. 'Sing,' said the vision. Then Cædmon asked, 'What shall I sing?' Said he, 'Sing to me of the Creation of all things.' Then the poet composed his first poem, an ode in honour of the Creator. This poem he remembered when he awoke, and repeated to the Abbess Hilda, who caused it to be written as it fell from his lips: more than this she did, she took him under her patronage, he was at once released from cattle-keeping, and in the monastery gave his time to study and composition; some of his later poems exceed in power and beauty the first composed in dreamland."

HAMMERSMITH.—The friend who has the rooms to let near the Broadway, wrote to me. I went this afternoon, and saw the rooms: they are at 39, Overstone Road, Glenthorne Road. One room will hold about seventy people; the other room would do for circles. The landlord intends calling a meeting on Wednesday, December 5, at 8 p.m., when the rooms can be inspected.—H. JONES, 15, Montague Street, Nov. 24, 1883.

[The landlord has written confirming the announcement expressed above.—ED. M.]

BROMPTON.—Seeing that there are no places of meeting in the district and many Spiritualists, Mr. W. Pound writes to say that he has resolved to give the use of a room for a weekly seance on Wednesday evenings. The series has commenced this week, Mr. Towns, medium. Mr. Pound lives at 108, Ifield Road, which runs parallel with Brompton Cemetery; the Putney omnibuses pass the end of the road. It is also only a few minutes from Queen's Elm, and Earl's Court Station, and West Brompton and Chelsea Stations. All friends are kindly invited, a collection being made to defray the expenses of the medium attending.

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The MEDIUM is sold by all newsvendors, and supplied by the wholesale trade generally.

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Legacies on behalf of the Cause should be left in the name of "James Burns."

THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1883.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

In correcting proof of the Control, the Recorder said he was at a loss to know to what party or form of thought the spirit alluded to under the term "Deist." Was there such a class of thinkers in America? Of this our American readers will be the best judges. We have in this country a party that will answer the description, called Theists. They have an intellectual or sentimental notion of a God, but they abhor anything of a spiritual nature. The definition given in the Control is very appropriate, and indicates a perception of the anatomy of religion, if we may use the phrase, which is instructive, and strikingly indicative of an inspiring mind beyond Medium and Recorder.

Miss Corner's Tale is highly dramatised in its situations. She should write for the stage. Some will say, she should write for the MEDIUM. So she will again next week. But as she does all this for "the love of it," our readers must give her a turn for "Rhineland," and not only to the author, but the "little waifs," who are alone to benefit.

Last week's MEDIUM is all sold, except to purchasers of single copies. We cannot fill orders for MEDIUMS at the distribution price, unless they are ordered on the Wednesday of the week's issue. Last week we had to partially disappoint a kind friend whose order arrived on Thursday evening, just as the printing of the MEDIUM was completed. We thank our friends for the wide spread they gave to last week's issue. It would introduce these ideas to many hundreds of new readers.

A volume of discourses by Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond, delivered at San Francisco, is being published. Copies may be had in London in due course.

Miss Fowler intends to leave London for Glasgow on Tuesday next. After remaining a few days she will proceed to Edinburgh, and thence to Newcastle. Her future movements, to Leeds and elsewhere, will follow. Kind friends are arranging to introduce sitters, so that she may proceed to America as soon as possible, where her presence is urgently required.

There will be no meeting at 167, Seymour Place, on Sunday evening, as the friends desire to attend Mr. Burns's lecture, at Bell Street Temperance Hall. There will be no seance on Thursday evening.

Mr. W. J. Colville held a reception at Matlock Bridge, at the residence of Mr. Henstock, on Thursday, November 22. The proceedings were very interesting, and the friends who assembled much delighted.

It will be observed, on referring to her advertisement, that Miss Pawley has removed to 33, Bayston Road, Stoke Newington Road, N. It is only a short distance from her former residence.

ANOTHER ILLUSTRATED "EGYPT" NUMBER.

Next week we give the completion of the chapter, which stirred up so much interest last week. It will also contain a picture, from the Stone Records of Egypt, setting forth Scriptural teaching. Regardless of "profit," we offer copies at the following prices: Parcels of 120, 5s.; 250, 10s. 6d.; 500, 21s., per rail, carriage extra. Twelve copies for 1s. post free. Kindly let us have orders and remittances on Wednesday, to prevent disappointment. The continuation of "Egypt" will be given in the first issue of 1884, with a picture of the Judgment Scene.

TWO ILLUSTRATED LECTURES NEXT SUNDAY.

Next Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock, Mr. Wortley will give the second of his series, illustrated with dissolving views, at Goswell Hall, 290, Goswell Road. At the same time, Mr. Burns will give his lecture on "Luther," illustrated with the oxy-hydrogen lime light, at Temperance Hall, 52, Bell Street, Edgware Road. The halls are far apart, and there are plenty of people to afford overflowing audiences for both.

INSTITUTION WEEK 1883.

Mr. Colley's sermon is significant of Institution Week. Instead of receiving "a penny," we all have to give one. And who receives these pennies? No one. All our work has been given freely, from the beginning, and in addition heavy burdens have been imposed. We do not name this, either to grumble or to boast, but to touch the hearts and understandings of Spiritualists, that they may each contribute that necessary outlay incurred by the work we thus freely perform. All the money we receive, and more, goes in actual expenses. The trifle contributed would not keep the work on, were it not that hundreds of pounds per annum are thrown in by us in the shape of unpaid labour.

These things we state in justice to our readers. We want them to feel that their friend who works at the Spiritual Institution, is neither a beggar nor a hireling. The simple truth is, that he is a humble instrument toiling in this Cause for the love of it; or, in other words, under the influence of the real masters—the unseen teachers. The success of the work, the good effected to others, is his "penny," and he receives it not daily, but sometimes every hour in the day. He asks for no worldly recompense; but knowing that, without material assistance, in addition to what he can do, the work could not go on, he asks all friends to serve the Spiritual Teachers in the same spirit as he attempts it, and also receive their spiritual "penny."

If we had the means we would make no such request. We have not, and it is well. The spirit world could have found a wealthy man, possibly, to do this work, but it would not have been so well. It must needs appear that this work is done for its own sake, not as the hobby of a wealthy man; and it is better that thousands can earn their "penny" in the vineyard, than that one should do all the work himself. Those who pay a large subscription, are they who bear "the burden and heat of the day"; those who subscribe little, are such as come in at a late hour, but every honest soul receives its "penny."

The MEDIUM, as an organ, gives pleasure to many, and greatly aids the Cause; but a quiet work is done at the "Institution," which is of unspeakable benefit to the Movement.

Dear Mr. Burns,—I heartily endorse the sentiments of Mr. Davies, in your last issue of the MEDIUM, and beg your acceptance of the enclosed cheque towards Institution Week, which I sincerely hope will this year prove to be a "glorious week," and strengthen your hands in the good work which you have so much at heart. There are those who sneer at the Spiritual Institution, and say it is nothing but Burns's shop; but I regard the MEDIUM, which has been for so many years, and through so many vicissitudes, under your able management, the organ of the Cause, as the "Spiritual Institution," and as such is deserving of our warmest support. If it were to cease (and in other hands than yours, it might have done long ago), we should feel its loss more than the loss of any "Institution" composed of bricks and mortar, having "a local habitation and a name."—With kind wishes, I remain, yours very truly,
Brighton, Nov. 26.

WILLIAM GILL.

INSTITUTION WEEK MEETINGS.

The friends who attend Mr. Burns's illustrated lecture on "Luther," at Bell Street Temperance Hall on Sunday evening may take the opportunity to contribute to the Fund for Institution Week.

BIRMINGHAM.—A meeting is announced in weekly notices. BATLEY CARR.—We hear of suggested arrangements for a meeting in recognition of "past kindnesses in inserting notices in MEDIUM."

ACCRINGTON.—Mr. Schutt's guides will give a discourse on Tuesday evening, December 5, at my house, 109, Avenue Parade, Accrington. A collection will be made at the close for "Institution Week."—RICHARD BURRELL.

RECEIVED: Mr. Davies, 21s., Mr. Gill, 21s., Mrs. Britten, 20s.

**SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE SUBSCRIBERS TO
"19TH CENTURY MIRACLES":**

**OF SPIRITS AND THEIR WORK IN EVERY COUNTRY OF THE
EARTH.**

Whilst acknowledging my deep indebtedness to the kind friends who have so promptly and generously responded to my call for payment of their subscriptions, and assuring them that I am equally sensible of, and grateful for, the confidence they have reposed in me, I am still obliged to ask them to extend their patience for some two or three weeks longer, before expecting to receive their copies. The truth is, the work I have sent to press, fills a larger number of printed pages than I had calculated upon, and therefore requires a longer period of time than has been heretofore expected.

When my first commencement was made, I confidently expected to limit my work within 500 pages. The printed matter together with the illustrations will now, it seems, occupy from six to seven hundred pages, and in order to do justice to so large as well as important a work, my printers inform me they shall require quite another three weeks of time.—I can only beg my kind friends then to be patient a little longer, to trust me yet a little further; and I do so in the confident expectation that my promises, made or implied, will be satisfactorily fulfilled.

EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN.

The Limes, Humphrey Street, Cheetham Hill,
Manchester, Nov. 27th, 1883.

For terms, &c., enquirers will kindly consult the advertisement on another page of this Paper.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE "MEDIUM."

We find it impossible to get the illustrations done in time for December 14th, so that the Christmas Number will not appear until December 21st. It will contain a supplement of two leaves, containing two pages of illustrations facing one another. On the one hand there will be a portrait of A. T. T. P. occupying a full page. It is from a splendid photograph by Henderson, London Bridge, and will be no doubt a fine picture. It is being re-produced by the same process that provides the illustrations for Mrs. Britten's "Nineteenth Century Miracles." On the opposite page to this fine portrait will be given three spirit portraits, drawn under influence through A. T. T. P.'s medium. These three spirits will be representative of Jewish, Grecian and modern spiritual thought, as well as being a fine example of mediumistic work.

We have ordered an edition of 10,000 copies, and our readers can easily find a market for them. A smaller number could not be undertaken without entailing loss, as the expenses will be very heavy. But if these papers are properly circulated, a grand work of diffusion will be accomplished, and no one will be the worse for it. We hope every reader will determine to spend One Shilling in this work. Commence at once and put 2d. per week away, and when the Number comes out there will be little more to find. Get up clubs, and have the papers down per rail at three half-pence each; they will be published at Two-pence. We ask not this for our own profit, but to bring the truths of Spiritualism before thousands of enquiring minds. If the orders warrant us in printing a larger number we will gladly do so: therefore let us have all orders immediately.

In addition, the Christmas Number will have a handsome Wrapper, covered with advertisements. To pay the cost of printing so many, on nice paper, we cannot insert advertisements at less than 6d. per line. For One Shilling, a good business announcement may meet the eye of hundreds in the same town. We have received a number of advertisements already. Take the hint.

I have now received 450 half-crowns, and as soon as I get 350 more, I shall send "Bertha" to press. Parties may send half-crowns one week longer, after which the price will be Three Shillings to subscribers; after publication, Three-and-sixpence. All remittances to be addressed to me at 4, Waterloo Road, Manchester.—W. J. COLVILLE.—Nov. 20th.

We have read a few chapters of "Bertha." It is so entertaining that it is impossible to put it down, when we get into it. It contains a mixture of all moods, some of them inspiring peals of laughter. The truth is ever kept in view, and error trodden under foot. It is a wonderful work.

CHILDREN-VOICES.

'Tis sweet to hear the little children-voices
Out-burst in merry laughter, as they play:
The heart is cheered: the very Soul rejoices:
'Tis sunlit morning of auspicious day.
These are the little ones the Master loves:
God bless them, be their earth-life long or brief!
Playful, yet pure and innocent as doves!
They see no shadow of a coming grief.
Be merry, dears: to laugh is to bring health:
Such as no gloom can touch, no cloud o'ercast:
Be glad and gay, heart-laden with true wealth:
Joys that are joys in childhood long may last!
God bless you children: bless your simple ways:
God free your lives from earthly soil and dross:
God keep you pure as now, to length of days:
God give the Crown, yet teach to bear the Cross.

In Kensington Gardens:
July 1st, 1882.

S. C. HALL.

MISS CAROLINE CORNER'S CHARITABLE ENTERPRISE.

To the Editor.—Sir,—This week I send you a third list of kind-hearted people who have responded to my appeal on behalf of our half-starved little ones, by subscriptions to my book. To all I would tender my warmest thanks, and to others I would say, "Do likewise": but only so far as your means permit.

Countess Waldeck.
Alderman Pecket, J.P.
R. Huskisson, Esq.
Mrs. Mackinnon.
Mrs. Earle Bird.
Oscar Murray, Esq.
Mrs. Stone.
J. H. Turner, Esq.
Mrs. Robertson.
Chas. Delolme, Esq.
Mrs. Skilton.
R. Fitton, Esq.

Countess Wurmbrand.
Wm. Crookes, Esq., F.R.S.
Miss E. L. Lowe.
Edward Holt, Esq.
Mrs. Wharmby.
C. C. Massey, Esq.
Miss Lottie Fowler.
C. S.
Mrs. Whitby.
Alex. Porteous, Esq.
G. P. Allan, Esq.
Wm. Stocken, Esq.

I am busy correcting proofs of "RHINELAND," and trust to have it out before Christmas. It is the best little work on the subject published. (I don't generally blow my own trumpet. It is, REALLY.) Every iota of interest I have rummaged out from all the old legends of the "Rhingau," I could find. To all who contemplate a tour "up the Rhine" in the summer, I would say, "Take this little volume with you. It will enhance your pleasure ten-fold." Those who have been, and cherish a lingering love for that idyllic land, will have their memories vividly refreshed by its perusal; while those who have not been, nor are likely to go, will be carried away in spirit by the luring temptations I offer! Everybody who reads will be interested and amused, of that I am sure.

Now, respecting my little work of charity. Some persons have patronizingly spoken of "mistaken kindness," "indiscriminate charity," "indiscreet alms-giving," etc., as if I were a goose! Though I have a heart to compassionate these "wee things," I am not quite devoid of judgment and common-sense. Moreover, this reminds me of something good old Mr. S. C. Hall said to me, when I was visiting at his house on his 77th birthday, six years ago:—

"If a beggar plead for a penny, and your heart open to give—GIVE, rather than shut it up and wait to calculate and consider, WHILE THE BEGGAR HUNGERS FOR A CRUST OF BREAD. Remember these words of an old man, my dear young lady, throughout the many years of your life that are to come."

Yes, I have remembered, and shall ever remember them. And now I would thank the same "good old man" for the beautiful verses he has sent me as apropos to my little labour of love. A noble heart it is, that in old age can enter into the sunshine and shadows of the young! CAROLINE CORNER.

3, St. Thomas's Square, Hackney.
[We have pleasure in acknowledging receipt of 1s., from Mr. W. Powell, towards Miss Corner's charitable work.—Ed. M.]

A COLUMN FOR THE YOUNG.

THE HOUR BEFORE DAWN.

A PICTURE OF WORK-LIFE AT THE EAST END.

By CAROLINE CORNER, Author of "Twixt Will and Fate," "The Slinkensmirk Family," "My Visit to Styria," &c., &c.

CHAPTER III.

In the still cold chamber of the East End lodging-house, the last gleam of the embers was gone out; the rushlight burnt low and sickly and faint. All else remained as before, saving that now at the far side of the old straw mattress where lay the dead, a human being crouched. Two new comers have just entered, Aimée and her aged companion, and perceiving this addition in the person of a man whose appearance and

attitude were suggestive of the utmost dejection, Aimée starts and shrinks back, gazing appealingly into the sorrow-lined countenance of her companion. No explanation could she get there, however.

So, heedless of the intruder, she went direct to the mattress, and stooping, looked long and lovingly on the chastened features of the dead. So pure, so refined, so untroubled, so happy and at rest they were, she could not grieve. She kissed the beautiful cold brow, and was glad, glad that for her physical suffering was over.

When she turned again a smile of satisfaction lit up her wise young countenance, which seemed hallowed and glorified by a love that was not of earth. She beckoned her companion to come, and moved so that he might take her place.

He did so with due respect for the sacredness of the situation, that old man with the thin white locks. His step was reverential and light as he approached. At this moment the expiring rush burst into a final glare, lighting up the features in all their lifeless loveliness to the gazer's view. Just a look he caught. That look made him start. The light continued to flare. The old man stooped to get a nearer view, then drew back, looked around, pressed both hands to his head, then passed them before his eyes, afterwards bending lower still, his face close beside that of the corpse.

"My God!" he exclaims, "Am I dreaming? Am I mad?" in his bewilderment feeling weak and unnerved, so that he was scarcely conscious of what he did.

For an instant or two he stood erect, taking in each detail of the placid upturned face, the perspiration breaking out in beads upon his brow, his teeth set, his hands clenched hard and fast. Then with a low wild cry he seizes the linen at the throat, tearing it to threads in his impatience to get it loosened. It is done, and now he is on his knees, his keen grey eyes searching for what he yearns yet half dreads to find.

The fair skin is doubly fair now, fair in death, more beautiful even than in life. The slender, graceful throat, the statuesque moulding of the neck, he remembers well. But he looks for something else. Again the rush flares out, brighter than ever now; and by its sudden gleam he finds it—A SLIGHT SCAR IN THE HOLLOW OF THE COLLAR-BONE. He sees it, and a loud cry, half anguish, half joy, escapes him.

"Aimée! It is indeed!"

He throws his arms about the pale unanswering form, and clasps it frantically to his breast.

"Aimée, my child, at last, at last!" he cries; unmindful of its being but a corpse he folds to his breast.

"Aimée, my own again. Mine for ever, now. Oh child, did you but know! could you but conceive one tithe of the misery of those long, lone years! God grant you never may. Aimée, can you forgive? Dare I ask you to forget the cruel, wicked past? Be my child once more, and God hear my vow—life shall be different for you. It was I, your parent, your loving—yes, loving—father who drove you away from home. Your young life was shadowed and sunless. I, who ought to have been its sun, I—I—was its shadow, its blight, its curse. My harshness drove you away. I saw it all—WHEN IT WAS TOO LATE. And yet I ask you to forgive! God! is it too much to ask? Only—only, child, STRIVE hard to forget. Give me a chance again. Aimée, my own, all that was left on earth to love me and to love;—yes, I say it, for God knows I DO love my child. Aimée, hear me; be merciful to the silver hairs of your father. Be merciful for your mother's sake, my first and only love, who gave her life in giving you to me. Be merciful, my child, forgive!"

His failing strength was exhausted. The white head sank on the breast of the clay-cold form. The old man wept.

And now, like some dark phantom, a figure rose up from the other side of the mattress and remained looking on. The child, Aimée, stood apart, wide-eyed, startled, perplexed. She could not move for some few minutes: her feet were glued to the spot: her eyes were dazzled in their rapid endeavours to pass from one to another.

The old man's sobs grew quieter and were hushed. Silence filled the room; not a sound disturbed. It was a strange and impressive scene. The young girl scantily clad, hungered, wistful, and hollow-eyed, gazing on mute and motionless: the abject human figure standing out in the shadowy background, like some weird phantom hovering by the side of the mute white corpse, folded in the close embrace of the grief-stricken, enfeebled, silver-haired man. A strange and impressive scene.

By-and-by, Aimée makes a move. Taking a step or two, she lays a hand upon the arm of the old man, and gently draws him away. He clings hard at first, and will not be removed. But after awhile he gives in. His strength is so feeble he cannot hold out even against so gentle, yet firm a touch. He gives in and allows himself to be removed. A light hand lies compassionately on his stooping shoulders.

He lifts his head with a light of gratitude on his worn and furrowed face, and in so doing his eye is caught by the weird figure the other side of the bed. He starts as though a galvanic shock were applied: starts, and his eyes become fixed. He leans forward and scrutinizes the phantom, which presents a still more curious aspect in the fitful light of the fast expiring rush. A deep red flush now dyes his pallid countenance. His eyes flash with the fire and force of youth.

His brows are knit; and anger is expressed in every shade and line of his features, while his aged form quivers from the evil passions that obsess him. He looked scarcely human, he, who but a moment ago was weak, supplicant, as penitent mortal upon earth. All the brute passion of his lower nature was in play, and he gazed at that wretched specimen of humanity before him as a wild beast would gaze on its prey.

Revenge! it was his now, if he chose. Revenge! the word is sweet. Revenge! Revenge! Revenge! It rang like a chorus in his ear: a chorus of demons luring him on.

He gave utterance to a low cry. In that cry were epitomized the worst feelings of frail humanity. He hated that being with a deep and deadly hate. He it was who by enticing had robbed him of his child—the only thing he had left on earth to love him and to love: his Aimée, his beloved, the pledge of an early and sacred vow. He hates him. Was HE not the cause of the long, dreary, lonely, remorseful years? hates him, and has often lifted up his voice in prayer for revenge. That prayer may be granted him now.

An awful conflict is waging within, 'twixt the powers of good and evil, supported by influences without; influences that exercise mighty dominion over us, weak, wavering, susceptible mortals, that the wisest little suspect. Whether for weal or woe it is ours to decide, by leaning towards this side or that. Sensitive people actually feel these conflicting powers. That old man did. His wrath was terrible, as is the wrath of age, which has been increasing with nourishment, and consuming all other feelings and passions for years.

"Revenge is at hand. Revenge is sweet—is thine."

This the deafening chorus in his ear. While, on the other hand, came the soft murmurs:—

"Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord."

And now a hand is laid lightly upon his shoulder; a voice, child-like yet firm and impressive, speaks low in his ear:—

"How beautiful and still she looks, so peaceful! Do not wake her. Feel no anger, lest it disturb her; put away all bad feelings, or her spirit may grieve so, it cannot depart. The form that lies there, cold, and lovely, and still—that is not my Mother. She is here—a spirit—holding forth a hand to you and that poor unhappy man. She would have you meet—meet and be friends. My eyes are strangely opened. I see—I understand it all. 'Forgive,' she says. Hark! 'Forgive! Remember, it is for the sake of the dead.'"

A great convulsive sob, and the desire for revenge was quenched. His silver head bowed low, tears freely coursing his furrowed cheek, the old man put forth a hand and said:—

"'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.' So Conrad Donovan, do I forgive you even as I hope to be forgiven. Let HER child be a witness to this."

The outstretched hand was eagerly accepted and retained in a fervent grateful clasp. Then in a voice deep, earnest and strong—so strong, that the whole frame vibrated,—the other made answer:—

"HER child and MINE—our little Aimée."

As an acceptance, a child's cold hand, so cold it made him glance at the lifeless form still and white on the mattress before him, was slipped in his, and a child's fair head was laid in forgiveness, and for the first time, on a father's breast.

The next instant the last flicker of the rush went out, but away, far away in the east, the clouds of night were broken up, and the bright Dawn was awakening the earth with its glad and cheering rays. The Darkest Hour was over, with its poverty and woe and strife, remorse, revenge and despair. The Dawn was here, chasing the black shades away; the Dawn of a Fairer Day, when a pure bright spirit was borne to another and a happier sphere, while on earth those whom her heart loved best were reunited and bound together in bonds that could never decay.

THE END.

OBITUARY.

COLONEL BRAYN.

The following announcement formed the post-script of a letter received the other day from a lady:—"I have this morning heard with much regret of the death of our friend Colonel Brayn, who wrote in your paper under the name of 'The Jersey Spiritualist': a most excellent and estimable man he was, and one fully prepared for the glorious change." It appears that he passed away on the 12th, after a painful attack, and just as he was looking forward to visiting this country.

We had several calls from the deceased gentleman and many letters from him, most of them of a public character. He had remarkable phenomena in his family circle, but, if we are well informed, not with unmixed satisfaction, as is frequently the case where the physical element gets too exclusive a footing. The laws of nature regard not our views—Christian or otherwise,—but phenomena, spiritual or physical, occur in accordance with a basis deeper than human sentiment. A candid confession of results would be most useful to all spiritual students.

HANNAH FARNDON.

At Northampton, on November 13, Mrs. Farndon passed to the Higher Life, 74 years of age. She was a true woman: a good, kind-hearted, loving creature. She was a sincere Spiritualist, and a table medium. During the last three weeks of her residence in the mortal form, she could see her spirit friends around her. She was quite conscious to the last, and, comforted in spirit, wished and waited for the change.

PROGRESS OF SPIRITUAL WORK.

A CHANGE OF HALL AT SUNDERLAND.

On Sunday afternoon, Nov. 25, Messrs. Ashton and Armstrong, from Newcastle, and F. Walker, Sunderland, very ably occupied our platform in the Avenue Theatre. Mr. Ashton (chairman), in a neat and feeling manner, informed the audience that he was sorry to have to tell them that this day would conclude the Sunday services in the present building, which had been so kindly and generously granted by the respected proprietor, John Watson, Esq. He (the chairman) said, in all his experience he had never seen or heard of such generous treatment as had been accorded by that gentleman to the Monkwearmouth Spiritual Evidence Society; who had had the use of this spacious and beautiful Theatre during the last seven months, free of cost; in which they had so ably carried on their work. But he was happy to hear that they had engaged another hall, where he hoped they would continue to go onward in the good work. He then introduced Mr. Armstrong to the audience.

Mr. Armstrong said, it was a mistake to bring him on to the platform to speak, as he could never make a speech in his life from a platform. His forte was the seance room, not the platform. However, Mr. Armstrong quite won the attention of the audience, by the happy manner in which he told them how he first became a Spiritualist, and the various wonderful phases of spiritual phenomena he had experienced. He gave some very valuable instructions to the seekers after truth, and concluded by desiring that any persons, who might wish him to answer any questions, would write them out, and in the evening he would be most happy to answer them.

At the evening meeting, a very large audience assembled, when Messrs. Ashton, Armstrong, Walker, and Rutherford (chairman) occupied the platform. Mr. Ashton gave a most beautiful and soul-stirring invocation, which was listened to with the most profound reverence, by the large assembly; after which the chairman made a few happy and telling remarks—which were warmly appreciated by his audience. He then introduced the speakers. Mr. Ashton gave a short but telling address. He shewed wherein Christianity had failed to spread over the land, to the same extent that other religions had done, owing to the straight-backed, starched-up, narrow-mindedness of bishops, priests, and creeds. The priests had pooh-poohed Spiritualism, as far as lay in their power. They had even gone in league with conjurers, to perform their so-called spiritual seance exposures, holding up Spiritualism before the eyes of the public as a foolish ridiculous imposition.

But neither priests nor conjurers were to be feared through such cunning tricks. The Cause was only built up the firmer, not undermined, they could not expose that which was the gift of God. He concluded by giving his audience an account of how he became a Spiritualist. He said he went into the matter with the avowed determination to expose and unmask the knavery (as he then thought) of the Spiritualist; but he was happy to say that instead he was thoroughly converted into as staunch a Spiritualist as could be found in the world. The worthy speaker here took his seat amid much applause.

Mr. Armstrong then gave a resume of his experiences. Amongst many amusing incidents he recited of his early investigations, he said he had a particular friend (a clerical), who was very much down upon him, and ridiculed his foolish idea of spiritual phenomena. However, one evening, Mr. Armstrong arrived at his friend's house, saying he had picked up a very old book which was full of Spiritualism, and he had been reading to his heart's content. His friend only laughed at him, and told him he was sorry to hear he had been wasting his time over such nonsense. Mr. Armstrong, not to be daunted by his friend's rebuff, said, one portion he had read, recorded that one day a man was in the woods chopping down trees. Unfortunately his axe slipped out of his hands and fell into the river. He, thereupon, commenced to weep and wail over his loss. While so doing, another man came along singing cheerily. He stopped when he saw this man crying. "Hollo," says he, "what's the matter with you?" "Oh," says the other man, "I am stopped from getting on with my work, as I have lost my axe in the river; and what is worse, the axe was not mine." "Oh, never mind," says the new comer (who was a medium); "we will soon get your axe again." Hereupon the new comer threw some of the wood chips upon the water, when lo! up comes the axe to the surface, and was accordingly fished out. At this point, Mr. Armstrong's friend cried: "There, there, that is quite enough of that tom-foolery; burn the book—never read another word of such nonsense." "But," says Mr. Armstrong, "This old book is the Bible!" His friend looked amazed, but said no more. Mr. Armstrong

answered a great number of questions very satisfactorily, and was loudly applauded.

The Monkwearmouth Spiritual Evidence Society desire to inform the friends of the Movement that they have engaged the Albert Rooms, No. 7, Coronation Street (three doors below Villiers Street), Sunderland, where they intend to hold meetings for the advancement of Spiritualism, every Sunday evening, at half-past six o'clock. They will be glad to receive the co-operation of all friends in the surrounding neighbourhood. All seats will be free, and all will be welcome.

G. H. PYNE JONES, Sec., M.S.E.S.

SUNDAY LECTURES AT GOSWELL HALL.

Last Sunday evening, Mr. R. Wortley gave the first of his intended series of lectures on the Harmonical Philosophy of A. J. Davis, illustrated with dissolving views, (under the management of Mr. Lander).

The Lecturer was warmly received by a large number of friends of the Cause, who expressed their appreciation of the lecture and the views shown on the same, by their repeated outbursts of applause.

He began with the early life of Mr. Davis; his first acquaintance with the mesmeric operation; his early clairvoyance, etc.; and kept up the thread of interest all through the lecture.

It is to be hoped as many as possible will avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing those lectures, and encourage Mr. Wortley in his disinterested labour of love.

Next Sunday, at 7 o'clock, Mr. Wortley will allude to "Nature's Divine Revelations," concerning the nature of man and animals on the planet Saturn, illustrated with diagrams on the screen.

ALEX. BROWN, Hon. Sec.

BRADFORD.—On Wednesday evening 30 were present at the circle, which was a great success. Three young men mediums spoke, and a young woman also. The influence was so harmonious, that it was with difficulty that the meeting could be broken up and the friends separated. At Walton Street Church, Mr. John Wright, Keighley, was speaker afternoon and evening on Sunday. In the first instance the speaker gave his views upon the text, stating that the devil took Jesus to the top of a high mountain, offering him all this world. In the evening, the condition of those in the spirit world was discussed. The case was cited of a spirit who had sat in a graveyard thirty years, expecting the judgment day to take place, that he might be handy to claim his old body. The speaker made many things clear as to the condition of spirits, and how they are influenced by mental light or ignorance. Many strangers were present, and they were surprised at the truths set forth.

—COR.

PLYMOUTH: Richmond Hall, Richmond Street.—Our tea meeting on Tuesday, 20th instant, in honour of Mrs. Groom's visit, was a complete success. Upwards of seventy friends sat down, and after tea were joined by a large number who could not possibly come to participate in the demolition of the good things; so that the Hall was well filled. One of our friends kindly and thoughtfully lent her instrument, and during the evening a choice programme was gone through, including Piano Solos and Duets by Mrs. Hale and Miss Mackay; Songs by Miss Bond, Mrs. Hale, and Mr. W. Stentiford, Junr.; and Recitations by Mrs. Groom, who gave "Josephine's Farewell to Napoleon"; Messrs. S. Roach and F. Bond. Between the selections Mrs. Groom was controlled by "Queen Elizabeth"; "Lord Byron," who gave a splendid poem; "Mary Stuart," who pleaded for justice to be done her; and "Joan of Arc." Mr. Husson's guides also spoke as did those of Mr. R. S. Clarke, the remarks of all our spirit friends being heartily received. Mr. Pine followed with a speech, which evoked loud applause; and our vice-president, Mr. Stentiford, also added a few well-chosen words, so that it was no wonder that the time passed quickly. The ladies who got up the tea, and presided at the tables (Mesdames H. Pearce, Jutson, Roach, and Miss A. Marshall) were deservedly thanked, as were all who assisted in the night's pleasure, and the friends separated all well pleased, after joining in singing, "Auld Lang Syne."—On Friday evening, Mr. Clarke's weekly reception was held, when a large number came prepared with questions, which were ably and readily answered by Mr. Clarke's guides.—On Sunday morning, November 25, Mr. Atkinson read a beautiful trance address on "Our Spirit Homes." In the evening, the controls of Mr. R. S. Clarke discoursed on the "Luther Celebration Utterances," to a good audience. The lecture was an elaborate review of certain statements made by the Revs. Dr. Geike, Verner, White, Leattes, and C. S. Slater, (Plymouth); and it was argued, that the real lessons of the Reformation had not been properly learnt by the majority of so-called Protestants, who substituted the worship of a Book for that of a Man; and who dethroned one Pope to set up hundreds. The doctrines of Biblical Infallibility and Justification by Faith alone, were criticised. The promulgation of the first was declared to be an offence against 19th century intellect; while the vague preaching of the latter had been a delusion and a snare to many souls. The audience including many strangers, were highly pleased at the forcible and logical way in which the control dealt with the subject; and at the conclusion of the lecture gave vent to their feelings by a burst of applause.—J. PAYNTER, Assistant Secretary.

HETTON DOWNS.—On Sunday last, in the Miner's Old Hall, Mr. Wm. Westgarth lectured to a crowded audience: subject, "Lazarus and the rich man." The same was chosen by the audience, and was well appreciated.—JOHN PRINGLE.

MANCHESTER.—On Sunday Mrs. Groom delivered two discourses on "Purity," and "Our Spirit Homes," to large and appreciative audiences. The subjects were handled in a logical and exhaustive manner, and from the expressions of the audiences gave unbounded satisfaction. At the close of each address, Mrs. Groom gave numerous clairvoyant descriptions of spiritual surroundings, which were acknowledged to be correct, and which evidently made a good impression.—W. LAWTON.

LEICESTER: Silver Street Lecture Hall.—On Sunday evening last Mrs. Hawkins delivered a trance address to a large congregation. The spirit guides took for their evening's discourse: "Cast your bread upon the waters." It was a very interesting discourse, full of knowledge of the unseen world; after which Miss Cotterill, under influence, described spiritual surroundings to strangers, which were recognised by them.—R. WIGHTMAN, Sec., Mostyn Street, Hinckley Road.

GATESHEAD.—We had Mr. Grey last Sunday night, speaking upon the "General Aspects of Spiritualism." Afterwards the chairman, Mr. Stevenson, delivered a brief and powerful speech. One of the audience gave "Stuart Cumberland" for a poem. The control of Mr. Grey dealt with it in a searching and beautiful tone of thought. The audience seemed highly delighted.—We had a special meeting of members, and some practical business was completed. Afterwards Mr. T. Patterson was elected unanimously to the office of secretary, in the place of Mr. Shepherd, who has emigrated to Queensland.—ENDOR.

STONEHOUSE: Sailor's Welcome, Union Street.—On Sunday last, at 2.45, the guides of Mr. Clarke, of Plymouth, gave a lecture, subject: "The Day after Death." The subject, being an interesting one, was listened to very attentively, and all present seemed pleased at the way in which light was thrown on the subject. After the conclusion of the lecture, several questions were answered, after which an impromptu poem was given. At present services will be discontinued—as Mr. Clarke's services are unavailable—unless some other friends will come forward with their services.—J. PAYNTER.

BINGLEY: Intelligence Hall, Russell Street.—We, the Spiritualists of Bingley, intend holding a Bazaar and Sale of Work, about the middle of December. We shall be thankful to any lady or gentleman for any small present for the same. We are doing our humble best to raise a small fund to help us to spread more fully the truth of Spiritualism, and this we can only do by having the power in our hands: that is, a little capital to back us up, to carry out the glorious truths of Spiritualism. Dear Readers.—We leave this in your hands. Any small present you have to give will be thankfully received by our secretary, and duly acknowledged by him.—I am, yours in the bonds of Love and Truth, EDWIN GRUNWELL, Sec., Lighthouse, Fearncliffe, Bingley, Yorkshire.

BIRMINGHAM.—At Oozell Street Board Schools, Mrs. Wallis, of Walsall, delivered a discourse on—"Spiritualism: is it a religion?" The discourse was simple and beautiful in its language, the delivery very powerful and impressive, carrying the audience with her. She showed that the old religions must die out, because they were unnatural, and that Spiritualism, being universal and based on natural law, must supercede and become the religion of the whole planet; taking in all mankind, and being its universal saviour. The large room was well filled, and the audience was delighted with the discourse, which lasted about one hour. We propose holding a seance for the benefit of the Institution Week Fund. It will be held at the Board School, on December 3 or 4; but it will be given out next Sunday. Mrs. Groom will be the medium: She will give spirit descriptions, and there will be also various controls. Spiritualists are especially invited to make it a success. Mrs. Groom will take the platform next Sunday.—COR.

MR. COLVILLE'S MOVEMENTS.—Sunday last, November 25, Mr. W. J. Colville gave two excellent inspirational discourses in Rodney Hall, Liverpool. The attendance was very good despite the heavy rain in the evening. The subjects treated were: in the morning, "Reason and Intuition," and in the evening, "The great impending spiritual reformation." On the previous evening, Saturday, November 25, Mr. Colville spoke at Westhoughton (a village near Bolton), where the utterances of his guides were very highly appreciated. On Monday and Tuesday, November 26 and 27, he lectured in Macclesfield, and was announced for Longton (Staff.), Nov. 28 and 29. Sunday next, December 2, he lectures in Bradford, in the Spiritual Church, Walton Street, at 10.30 a.m., 2.30 and 6.30 p.m. Also on the two following evenings, December 3 and 4, at 7.30 p.m. Sunday, December 9, he speaks in Newcastle-on-Tyne. Business matters connected with "Bertha," and other causes combined, will probably prolong his stay in England a few weeks more. Parties desiring his services should apply at once to 4, Waterloo Road, Manchester. Mr. Colville has been giving of late a very interesting and instructive course of lectures in Trinity Hall, 83, Chapel Street, Salford, on consecutive Friday evenings. Last Friday, Nov. 23, the subject was "Luther." The discourse was pronounced

a masterly effort by all who heard it. This evening, Friday, November 30, the lecture will be upon "Emanuel Swedenborg, the seer, and the theologian." A full attendance is expected. All who can do so, are requested to be in their seats before 8 o'clock.

SPIRITUALISM.

Only a rising billow,
Only a deep sigh drawn
By the great sea of chaos
Before creation's dawn!
Only a little princess
Spelling the words of kings!
Only the Godhead's prattle,
In Sinai mutterings!
The crowd mistakes or fears it,
And Aaron has ignored,
But Moses, far above them,
Is talking with the Lord.

A. J. E.

THE NAZARENE.—Dear Mr. Editor,—While I was looking through last Saturday's MEDIUM, I thought I should like to ask this question: If Christ never lived, then who was it that gathered the truth and good from all other religions, and presented it to the world in so complete a form that the best and wisest spirits can add nothing to it, and the best men ever since have been those who have practised its teachings? And who was it that conceived and described a life so beautiful that the mere story of it has touched the hearts of millions? It was with a shock of surprise that I saw that "Dean Stanley" spoke of Christ as "the Nazarene." It is not like the Dean to be so ill-bred—Nazarene was a term of reproach. If we had a great and good man among us who had been born at the East End, would it not be very disrespectful to speak of him as "the Whitechapeller"?—Yours very truly, W. GLANVILL.

MISS LOTTIE FOWLER.—After some years, I paid a second visit, this summer, to this truly wonderful clairvoyant; and, although Miss Fowler was evidently suffering from ill-health, she gave me as true and remarkable communications as on my former visit. Several of her communications, referring to friends thousands of miles distant, have since been verified. I am sorry, now she has a better residence, that family affairs compel her return to America for a time. Her health not yet being fully restored, and her finances, I fear very low, I trust the Glasgow and other friends will arrange to assist her on her voyage; and thus cheer the spirits of a deserving sister.—T. DOWSING, Framlingham, Nov. 26th, 1883.

MEETINGS, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 2nd, 1883.

LONDON.

GOSWELL HALL.—290, Goswell Road: Mr. R. Wortley, "The Harmonical Philosophy," illustrated with dissolving views.

SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION.—Tuesday, Mr. Towns's seance, at 8.

EDGWARE ROAD.—52, Bell Street, at 7: Mr. Burns: "Martin Luther," with lantern illustrations.

MARYLEBONE ROAD.—Spiritual Mission Room, 167, Seymour Place, at 11, Mr. Hopperoff. At 7, Mr. Burns at Bell Street; Tuesday, at 7.45, attendance to lend and exchange books; Wednesday, at 7.45, Mrs. Hawkins; Friday, at 7.45, Mr. Towns; Saturday, at 7.30, Mr. Savage, J. M. Dale, Sec., 50, Crawford Street, Bryanston Square. The Room is strictly reserved for circles. It may be engaged for private sittings.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, Mortimer Street, W., at 7: Rev. S. E. Bengough, M.A. "The Moral and Spiritual Bearings of Vaccination."

PROVINCES.

BARROW-IN-FURNESS.—75, Buccleuch Street, at 6.30.

BATLEY CARR.—Town Street, 6 p.m.: Mrs. Dobson.

BEDWORTH.—King Street, at 6 p.m. Wednesday, at 7 p.m.

BELPER.—Lecture Room, Brookside, at 6.30:

BINGLEY.—Intelligence Hall, 2.30 and 6 p.m.: Mr. A. Grey.

BIRMINGHAM.—Oozell Street Board School, 6.30: Mrs. Groom.

BISHOP AUCKLAND.—Temperance Hall, Gurney Villa, 2.30 and 6:

BLACKBURN.—Academy of Arts and Sciences, Paradise Lane:

BRADFORD.—Spiritualist Church, Walton Street, Hall Lane, Wakefield Road, 10.30

2.30 and 6 p.m.: Mr. W. J. Colville. Also Monday and Tuesday at 7.45.

Wade's Meeting Room, Harker Street, Bowling, at 2.30 and 6 p.m.: Miss

Ratcliffe, and Mr. T. Holdsworth.

Spiritual Lyceum, Oddfellows' Rooms, Otley Road, at 2.30 and 6 p.m.: Miss

Harrison.

EXETER.—Oddfellows' Hall, Bampfylde Street, 6.30, Rev. C. Ware.

GATESHEAD.—Central Buildings, High Street, 6.30, Mr. MacDonald: "Martin Luther and his works."

GLASGOW.—2, Carlton Place, South Side, at 11 and 6.30. Lyceum at 5.

HALIFAX.—Peacock Yard, Union Street, at 2.30 and 6: Mrs. Illingworth.

HETTON.—Miners' Old Hall, at 6.30: Mr. W. Pickford.

KEIGHLEY.—Spiritualist Lyceum, East Parade, 2.30, and 6.30: Local

LEDS.—Tower Buildings, Woodhouse Lane, 2.30, and 6.30: Mr. Hepworth.

LEICESTER.—Silver Street Lecture Hall, at 11 and 6.30.

LIVERPOOL.—Rodney Hall, Rodney Street, Mount Pleasant, at 11 a.m., and 6.30 p.m.

Mrs. E. H. Britten.

MACCLESFIELD.—Spiritualists' Free Church, Paradise Street, at 6.30, Rev. A.

Rushton.

MANCHESTER.—Bridge Street Chapel, Bridge Street, Ardwick, 10.30 and 6.30: Mr.

Clarke, of Pendleton.

MORLEY.—Spiritual Mission Room, Church Street, at 2.30 and 6: Mr. Armitage.

MIDLESBOROUGH.—Granville Lecture Rooms, Newport Road, at 10.30, and 6.30.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Weir's Court, at 10.30 a.m. and 6.30: Local Speakers.

NORTHAMPTON.—Cowper Cottage, Cowper Street, at 6.30.

NORTH SHIELDS.—Bolton's Yard, Tyne Street, at 6:

NOTTINGHAM.—Morley Club Lecture Room, Shakespeare Street, 10.45 and 6.30.

OLDHAM.—175, Union Street, at 2.30 and 6.

PENDLETON.—48, Albion Street, Windsor Bridge, at 2.30 and 6.30.

PLEYMOUTH.—Richmond Hall, Richmond Street, at 11, Mr. Husson: Trance ad

dress; at 6.30, Mr. R. S. Clarke: "The Education of the young."

SHEFFIELD.—Psychological Institution, Cocoa House, Pond Street, at 6.30.

SOWERBY BRIDGE.—Progressive Lyceum, Hollins Lane, at 2.30 and 6.30, Mr. Brown.

SUNDERLAND.—Albert Rooms, 7, Coronation Street, at 2.30 and 6.30. Mr. J. Stevenson.

WALSALL.—Exchange Rooms, High Street, at 6.30.

WEST FELTON.—At Mrs. John Taylor's, 24, John Street, at 6 p.m.

LITERARY NOTICES.

AID FOR THE SUFFERERS OF TARANTO.

Mrs. J. W. Jackson sends from Naples the following :—

A publication was started the other day, in aid of the sufferers from the heavy floods, that have almost destroyed the lower part of the city lying near the sea. Only one single number has been issued for this purpose, well worthy of perusal, and we are sure that readers of Italian literature in England will find their time and money well spent in buying this little stranger; besides the treat to numerous Italian residents in London, many of them also from *Italia meridionale*, who doubtless will feel kindly disposed to the wee thing—from the far-off editorial chair. For half-a-franc (5d.) the reader receives sixteen pages of very readable matter, consisting of articles literary, artistic, social, and political, humorous sketches, and autographs, &c., and the proceeds of this single number, after the printer has been paid, will go in aid of the Fund to aid the very poor who have suffered severely from the late disastrous floods. Apart from charitable purposes, "Heart"—"Cœur"—as a literary effort, is well got up, and does great credit to its youthful editors and proprietors, who have shown both taste and ability.

We take this opportunity of presenting this new literary effort to the notice of our readers on the other side of the Alps, especially to the Italian community in and around London, many of them wealthy and well-to-do; surely they will receive the "Heart" with *gran cœur*, for the sake of the memories of other days, ere they left "La Patria" for the cloudy skies of England. Christmas is near us once more, and we have homes and hearths, the merciless sea has not quenched our fires and ruined our homes. I especially appeal to Italians—Give to your suffering compatriots as you would wish to receive, were you in their place and they in yours. Buy the little stranger for its own sake, because it is written in your mother-tongue, in the soft, sweet speech you heard when you played around your mother's knees, as she sat at her work under the shadow of clustering vine, at the vesper hour, when the evening gale was laden with the perfume of the orange-flowers. Now seas divide you from the home of your childhood, and the mother's smile and kindly word, maybe, is hushed and quiet for ever; but memory keeps green and soft the days of other years, and only when we go to join the loved and lost on the other side, do we for a moment forget the home of our youth, and the mother who made that home so bright for us.

Well worthy of careful reading is the clever and witty article from the pen of Sigle Circoulo on "the Mrs. Grundy of Taranto." There are Mrs Grundys there also; that odious female is irrepressible. Many authors have written about Taranto; but not exhaustively. Lenormant has given us a few pages in his work "Le Grand Grèce." The want of a more detailed account of the actual condition of the Tarantini, especially of the lower classes, has long been felt, inhabiting what may be termed the "East End," which resembles a vast bee-hive, with its throng of industrial workers toiling to increase the wealth of the Signori, while they are wretchedly housed and poorly paid, and to a man almost blissfully ignorant of the three R's. Circoulo's paper is capital as far as it goes; but more of such pungent articles are sadly wanted; for no nation can ever be prosperous or radically sound at heart, when her toiling children are little better than serfs, unconscious of their own rights and dignity as men and workers. We build the foundations of our public edifices strong and symmetrical; the working classes are the foundations of the State: without them capital would be useless. Why then should their comfort and improvement be so systematically ignored in Italy, and indeed all over Southern Europe?

[Specimen copy, and information to those who desire to assist, may be obtained at this office.—Ed. M.]

CLOSE OF A NEWSPAPER DISCUSSION ON SPIRITUALISM.

"I am a Spiritualist, and an impassioned one."—*M. Thiers.*

"But even in the most cloudless skies of scepticism, I see a rain cloud, if it be no bigger than a man's hand: it is modern Spiritualism."—*Lord Brougham.*

"That the dead are seen no more, I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent testimony of all ages and all nations."—*Dr. Johnson.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ACCRINGTON TIMES.

Sir,—Will you allow me to wind up this somewhat erratic discussion. It was commenced by "Humanity" making a number of charges against Spiritualism, not one of which have been substantiated. I have read a great deal of newspaper

correspondence in my time, but none to equal the letters of "Humanity" for irrelevancy and ambiguity of expression. Mr. Gibson, like Cæsar of old, evidently wrote both to conquer and convince. Probably he did both in his own mind, but if he wished for my candid opinion I must tell him that no schoolboy could have shown such ignorance of Spiritualism as his letter displayed. Such a letter carries with it its own condemnation. It shows to what straits people are driven who are so eager to oppose things they have not honestly considered for five minutes in their lives.

During this discussion Spiritualists have been charged with being "ignorant," "bigoted," "superstitious," and "impostors." I can give the lie direct to the first of these epithets. I have been recently perfectly astonished at the number of great men that have been converts to Spiritualism. Among others may be mentioned M. Thiers, W. Crookes, the chemist; A. R. Wallace, the great naturalist; Professor De Morgan, Sergeant Cox, Judge Edmonds, Mr. Robert Chambers, William Howitt, Lawrence Oliphant, T. A. Trollope, and last but not least John Ruskin. The opinions of two other celebrated Englishmen preface this letter. Next time Mr. Pearson charges Spiritualists with being an ignorant body, let him address his communication to Mr. John Ruskin. That great impositions have been perpetrated in the name of Spiritualists no one doubts. But have orthodox Christians led a blameless course? There's not a page in history but is disgraced with Christian crimes. Spiritualists appeal to the intelligence, and simply ask you not to deny the possibility of a phenomenon you have never taken the trouble to investigate. The real opposition to Spiritualism invariably proceeds from those who have never studied the subject, like your correspondent Mr. G. Whether we take the corkscrew arguments of "Humanity," the bombastic effusions of Mr. G., or the equally vulnerable epistles of P., each by its utter evasiveness must have done yeoman service for Spiritualism in Accrington. The letter of Mr. P. in your last issue I commend to the perusal of your readers. I know not which to admire most, his ambiguity or the way he begs the question. He tells us that he puts the greatest credence in the facts of sacred history. If he do, his opposition to Spiritualism is to me an enigma. Why, every page of Scripture bristles with spirit intercourse and spirit communion. There is not a form of mediumship in existence to-day, nor has there been a phenomenon witnessed in modern times, but its prototype can be pointed out in Scripture. Spiritualists contend that manifestations similar to those of apostolic times can be witnessed to-day. Why? Because Christ himself told us that greater wonders should be seen in time to come than had ever been seen before. And above all, because these wonders are daily seen, as hundreds can testify.

Whether the difference between Spiritualism and Christianity is such as Mr. Pearson says I will not undertake to determine, but there is one essential difference worthy of note. One is a religion of love, and the other one of fear. The orthodox Christian has the terrors of hell before him from the cradle to his grave. He is taught to fear God, and look upon Him as some imperious potentate who insists on his pound of flesh. Not so Spiritualism. Love to God and love to man is the indelible emblem of their Cause. They stand justified before God by works alone. They show their love to God, not by loud amens, but by their benefaction to the living.

Mr. P. concluded his letter characteristically—he begged the question. He didn't convince but he begged; he warned the reader against the Spiritualists' teaching. Whether teaching that tries to prove that we are "not wholly material, that answers the momentous question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" and that tries to draw us nearer to those that are gone before, is "baneful to our immortal interests" or not, I will leave your readers to judge. I do not fear their verdict. If Spiritualism can teach us anything about that undiscovered country to which all of us will eventually be borne, it will live and shed its lustre and exercise a dominant influence when the old theologic faiths have gone to an unhonoured grave.

Let the reader, like myself, further investigate this interesting though unpopular faith, and

For differing modes of faith let furious zealots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

Yours etc.,

Vox.

[The above, and a letter by Mr. John A. Rowe, closes a long correspondence on Spiritualism in the "Accrington Times" to which we have repeatedly alluded.—Ed. M.]

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MR. E. W. WALLIS'S APPOINTMENTS.—For dates, address E. W. Wallis, 4, Lower Rushall Street, Walsall.

MR. W. J. COLVILLE'S APPOINTMENTS.—SALFORD: Trinity Hall, 83, Chapel Street, Nov. 30th, "Swedenborg."
BRADFORD: Spiritual Church, Walton Street, Sunday, Dec. 2nd, at 10.30 a.m., 2.30 and 6.30 p.m.; also Dec. 3 and 4, at 7 p.m.
Newcastle-on-Tyne: Northumberland Hall, High Friar Street, Sunday, Dec. 9, at 10.30 and 6.30 p.m. Other arrangements on Tyneside in course of completion.
W. J. Colville's address is 4, Waterloo Road, Manchester.

MR. J. J. MORSE'S APPOINTMENTS.—KEIGHLEY: Saturday and Sunday, November 24th and 25th.
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MR. R. S. CLARKE'S APPOINTMENTS. Plymouth, Richmond Hall, Sunday, November 25th, at 6.30: "The Luther Commemoration."
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4, Athenæum Terrace, Plymouth.

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